

Just The Two of Us by TumbleTree

Series: [Harringrove AU's \[5\]](#)

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Summary:

“Billy showing Steve around all his favorite places, carrying him over his shoulder as he runs into the cold water of his favorite beach as Steve shrieks.” - SparkGoddess

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Where did they go? Well, Steve was promised a tour of Billy's hometown. So, that's where they went.

California was...liberating. From a kid who grew up in a small hick town, California was like the mystery jelly bean. You wanted to taste it, but you also knew that once you did, jelly beans would never be the same. You either hate it or you loved it.

Just The Two of Us

Author's Note:

- For [SparkGoddess](#).

"Just the Two of Us" is a 1981 R&B single written by Bill Withers.

This is for SparkGoddess, who inadvertently helped the creation of this fic and hopefully enjoys what I've created with some of her comments. I have more ideas from our conversation, but I apologize for taking so long with this.

After graduation, Billy and Steve booked it. Of course, before they left they promised to come back to see the kids. Well. Steve promised. Billy just avoided the question when Max asked him. Steve promised for him.

Where did they go? Well, Steve was promised a tour of Billy's hometown. So, that's where they went.

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And Steve? Steve *loved* it. He could finally understand why Billy had been so gungho on going back. California was so alive and the people were far more accepting than Indiana. It was just so relaxing, being in an environment where their relationship could thrive.

Where they could be open about their relationship. From the little beach they rented, to Billy's favorite diner since his mom took him their for the first time, to the pier where Billy first discovered he was gay.

Steve not only fell in love with California, but fell harder for Billy with every place he brought him to. It was like Billy was revealing

himself a little more each time. And it was just for him.

Like right now. Billy was taking them to a place he hadn't brought them to before. Which was hard to believe since it felt like they had been up and down California. *Twice*. Steve wasn't complaining, it was just hard to believe that Billy could hide something that seemed really important to him. Important enough to have him gripping Steve's hand like the boa constrictor they had seen at Billy's favorite zoo. The thing had been there since Billy's mom took him back when he was a kid.

Steve of course had to take a picture of Billy and Ned the Boa Constrictor. The picture now sat on their nightstand.

They had been walking for ten minutes now, since Billy assured him it wasn't that far from the house. Thank god, Steve had put sunblock on or else he would be a baked potato. And not an attractive one. Billy, of course, looked like he just walked out of a magazine. With his hair shining in the sun, his bare chest glistening still from his morning run and his indecent thighs on display. Those shorts were gonna kill him one day.

Hopefully not today, because the place Billy brought him to was absolutely breathtaking. It was cinnamon colored sand with an endless view of the Pacific Ocean. Steve had never seen the ocean before until they moved out here. Now all he ever saw was stunning views of blue sea. Steve stood there for a long moment, while Billy went on ahead with the backpack he brought with them. He pulled out a blanket, which was laid out on the sand, a few bottles of cola and three cans of pringles.

"How long have you planned this babe?" Steve asked, Billy peered at him over his aviators and gave a shrug. If Steve didn't know him, he would've thought his boyfriend was being nonchalant about this. But since he did, Steve could clearly see the slight scrunch between Billy's eyebrows and the tensing of his neck muscles. He was embarrassed. Steve fell harder for him.

Rubbing the back of his neck, "I used to go here to get away from Neil." Steve felt pang go through him, a wave anger crashing into him for Billy's father. Steve pushed it aside when Billy wouldn't meet

his eyes. He leant over and pecked Billy on the cheek.

“I love it. I love *you*,” Steve said. Pulling back to plop down beside his boyfriend.

“Yeah?” Billy asked, leaning over Steve’s body. Steve shivered as he slowly pressed kisse along his chest, until he reached Steve’s face. Then he started to speak between each kiss, “I love you too,” he pressed one against his nose. “I love you so much.” A kiss to his forehead. “But I really doubt you’re gonna love me after this sweetheart.” Steve gave a questioning hum against Billy’s lips.

With a surge of strength that had Steve growing hard, Billy yanked Steve up and up *and up* until he was thrown over the others shoulder. It happened so quickly, Steve didn’t have time to react. Billy spun around and started to jog. Steve didn’t realize until it was too late, but Billy was running towards the freezing Pacific.

“Wait! Billy!” Steve only got the words out before he was being dragged kicking into the water. He *and* Billy were not wearing bathing suits. Any and all arousal there was before, was now completely gone. He broke the surface of the ocean spluttering to the sight of Billy laughing from where he stood. “You asshole!” Steve screamed. Jesus it felt like his balls had crawled up into his body. Wasn’t the Pacific supposed to be warm?

“You still love me?” Billy laughed, half kidding and half serious.

Steve looked at him from his perch in the water and nodded, “yeah I still love you jerk.” He stood up and made his way towards Billy, letting the waves push and pull him to the other boy. Billy grinned, wrapped an arm around Steve’s waist, and tugged him closer. He left a smacking kiss against Steve’s lips before falling with Steve back into the ocean.

“Asshole!” Steve screeched, sending a group of seagulls flying.

Author's Note:

If you want more Harringrove or some other slash
come check me out on Tumblr at:

thebumblebeetumbletree.tumblr.com where you can submit prompts or just come hang out!

Comments and Kudos are appreciated!!